

## 1.354



## Thou Shalt Not Love

— A NOVEL BY —  
GEORGIA CRAIG  
CHAPTER VII.—Continued

He answered her as swiftly: "I'd know better than to use my regular line with you! Please give me credit for some good sense."

Starr could not have told why it was, but suddenly she felt her eyes drawn away from her dance partner as though toward a magnet. A little to one side of the room, Michael Fairbourne was standing alone, watching her. Handsome, dictionist Michael. He smiled when her eyes met his and his own gray eyes spoke a message.

"They said 'Well done, Starr!'" He was applauding her as he might have applauded an actress who was giving an extraordinarily good performance. That was all she meant to him. What was it he had said? "All I ask is that you keep your name in the headlines!"

He was pleased to see her making a hit with Lance, because any new name of Lance Marlowe's was bound to be the subject of plenty of conversation—and newspaper copy. And every mention of her name by word of mouth gossip, through the tender mercies of the columnists, or as straight news would send the sales of his book soaring.

Suddenly when Starr Ellison was born an angry resentment against Michael Fairbourne. How dared he stand there so smug and self-satisfied, watching her carry on her pitiful mockery? What did he know of the reasons of desperation which had urged her to be his open seamstress to riches via the publicity route?

He was making her dangle on the end of a string like a puppet, and adding the supreme insult of applauding her degradation. How dared he!

No, that was not quite fair. Thorax was a two-sided bargain. Though he could never guess the reason for her acceptance of his offer, he had made her understand only too well what he expected of her. She, in her desperation, had been glad enough to accept his offer. How dared she know that association with Michael would stir so much of bitterness in the depths of her? How dared she have guessed, for one wild moment, how it had come to be that someone who held her dangle on the end of a string like a puppet, and adding the supreme insult of applauding her degradation. How dared he!

How could she ever have guessed anything of that electric quality in the flame of him, that too often showed in his gray eyes when he did not imagine it, and that sent fiery warning signals dancing along through her veins? It was as though he were to play the game to the end—so very hard! But play it she must, and would. Yet it took all that was in her sometimes to keep from reeling when they would be talking together and she would feel he would be so close to her that she could hear his heart pounding. She would have to hold onto herself to keep from swaying.

Her lids dropped over her eyes so that neither man could see them. Starr answered her open question. Life had been a question before. Now there was a new one—the question of what to do when love came unbidden. She knew what the answer was. She must learn to skim the surface of life as Lance Marlowe did.

She turned of the man whose arms encircled her, suddenly feeling the need of his worldly philosophy. He was smiling at her as the music stopped. He said:

"Have a little drink?" "Don't they always say, 'Nothin' I drink won't do you any harm'?" Starr laughed, but shook her head. "Me—I'm not so sure."

But he was leading her toward a partly concealed bar, elaborately fitted up in moderate blue and silver. Again Starr shook her head faintly. He persisted. "Do you good. A little drink softens life's sharp edges."

She gave a queer little laugh. "But my life hasn't any sharp edges," she lied.

Lance's restless eye probed. He retorted, with a keenness of perception that was almost uncanny: "Nonsense! Everybody has sharp edges!"

"Even you?" she parried. "Oh, I'm not!" he mocked. "Most particularly I, because I fear you are not going to fall for me as rapidly as I had hoped."

That destroyed their seriousness. Suddenly Starr was laughing again, skimming the surface. A gay little group was gathered around the bar. Beulah was there,

but Starr did not see Michael. Lance glanced around as he found a high stool for Starr, calling to the bartender: "Champagne!" To the group at large he suggested: "Join me? How about us making a community toast? A toast to—whom?"

A blond man whose hair was tousled and dress shirt away seaward away from the bar and waved his glass. He was gloriously drunk, and one moment later it was quite as plain that he had been participating in a conversation that had for its subject Starr Ellison and the debut party being given in her honor by her publishers. The bartender was pouring the champagne. The blond man boomed out:

"A toast? Sure we'll give a toast! Let's all drink a toast to the newest and loveliest chateau of Lance Marlowe's penthouse—Starr Ellison. Long may she wave!"

The glass dropped from Starr's nervous fingers and splattered against the bar. Stephanie giggled, breaking a loud silence. Her eyes clashed with Starr's as she lifted her glass and drank deep. This was a deliberate insult.

The drunken man's words roused in everybody's mind the same thought: that the man in his cups may have known whereof he spoke, and that in wine there is truth. Very likely he knew that Lance intended to make Starr his mistress; that perhaps she had already agreed to it; that it was no longer a secret. It was in character. Her reputation was against her.

Lance said quietly, as he advanced a threatening step, his flat clenched: "Take that back!" The drunk away on the fact defiantly and leered knowingly, his glance wavering from Starr to Lance, and back again.

One of the girls squealed: "Oh, a fight!" Stephanie's high voice cut in: "A fight, yes! For the honor of a woman who doesn't know what the word means!" How exciting!

Lance hesitated in his attitude of threatening, glanced one at Starr and then showed his good sense. He grasped the obnoxious blond insulter by the arms and led him outside. Starr found herself trembling like a leaf. Never in her life had she felt quite so alone and friendless. No one approached her. But everything had caught up with her in a rush, uncolored, her. She was glad Michael was not there to be a witness to her humiliation, and then in the next breath was sorry that he was not. Had he seen, perhaps he might have been—no, he wouldn't be sorry. Why should he be? It was all good publicity, and that was what he wanted. That would have been all he could have seen in the entire episode. The human quantity, or, such a small matter as that Starr Ellison might have a soul that could be hurt—that would only be a small matter.

Almost immediately Lance Marlowe was back, swinging along jauntily, head high. As he reached her side Starr's lips formed the words: "What did you do?" He said carelessly as a slow smile flickered across his lips: "To Be Continued."

**Royal Mint Is Busy**  
Greater Demand For Coins From Banks in England

At the royal mint they are working overtime making more money. A new system came into operation recently.

Increased activity has nothing to do with coronation activities. It is entirely due to a greater demand from the banks.

An official of the mint explained: "There are fluctuations in demand, and it is not always possible to find the real reason for some months."

At a dinner, at this time, Lord the year, however, is almost certainly due to greater industrial activity, more employment, and consequently more wages.

Coins now being struck will bear the image of King George.

Although King Edward has approved designs for the new coinage, the royal mint will continue to make King George coins until the formal approval of the King is announced in a royal proclamation.

**Building Large Bank**  
The German Reichsbank is to be the largest building in Berlin. When two extension buildings are completed within the next two years, the banking offices will enclose 600,000 cubic yards—200,000 cubic yards larger than the palatial new Air Ministry of 2,000 rooms.

Handed over to foster-parents when a baby, a resident of London, England, who never saw his father, has been ordered to pay toward the support of his parent now in public jail.

Seeds of the sacred lotus germinated after having been kept dry 200 years. 2172

## Blake makes a Fresh Start



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Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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**Did Not Earn Much**  
Plymouth's first labor lord mayor, H. M. Medland, has gone off the gold standard. He continued working at the royal dockyard during his year in office. But one week cycle duties occupied so much of his time his weekly wage packet contained exactly eight pence.

Books have a bird language consisting of approximately 40 "words", or sounds with particular meanings.

**Coleman RADIANT HEATER**

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Have real comfort and warmth on the coldest winter days with this exciting new Coleman Radiant Heater. Pleasant, clean, safe, and easy to use. No smoke, no noise, no fumes, no gas. Just light it and it will heat you and your home. The Coleman Radiant Heater is the only heater of its kind. It is the only heater that can be used in any room.

Where Bicycle Is Popular

Only One Way Out

Number In England Almost Doubled In Five Years

A London letter in the Ottawa Journal says that while it is many the most surprising fact revealed by last year's traffic census is that the road vehicle which has been making the greatest advance in popularity in recent years is the humble pusher. The figures show that the number of pedal-cyclists on our roads has almost doubled since 1931.

Though the bicycle is ubiquitous there are certain towns where it enjoys special popularity. Of these cities Oxford is believed to head the list, a fact which suggests that even in this age of motoring it is not every undergrad who can afford to keep his car. Southampton, a town which led notably in the first great boom of bikes and bladders in the "Naughty Nineties," still possesses an exceptionally large number of cycling citizens, who, like their parents and grandparents, still turn out in hundreds to promenade the Avenue and Common.

The enormous number of cycles in use may possibly offset the impression gained from accident statistics that cycling is the most dangerous form of road transport.

The possibility of the Coronation ceremony being televised as well as broadcast is being eagerly discussed in British radio circles.

Debts Can Be Cleared When Borrowing Is Stopped

There is no practical way of debt except to repay it. A dollar borrowed is a dollar owed and a dollar on which interest must be paid. We are writing now in the entangling meshes of the debt we have woven for ourselves. There is only one way to free ourselves: to stop public borrowing; to spend on government only those sums which can be obtained by reasonable taxation.

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ravin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of bile every twenty-four hours. If it does not, you will feel tired and sluggish. It is the liver that gives you the energy to get up in the morning and face the day. If you are tired and sluggish, it is the liver that is the cause. It is the liver that gives you the energy to get up in the morning and face the day. If you are tired and sluggish, it is the liver that is the cause. It is the liver that gives you the energy to get up in the morning and face the day. If you are tired and sluggish, it is the liver that is the cause.

A more liberal movement doesn't always get the most. You need something that works. Carlin's Little Liver Pills to get them two pints of bile every twenty-four hours. They do the work of nature and give you the energy to get up in the morning and face the day. If you are tired and sluggish, it is the liver that is the cause. It is the liver that gives you the energy to get up in the morning and face the day. If you are tired and sluggish, it is the liver that is the cause.

Japanese and Malays are being displaced in Australia's pearl fisheries by white men, following the invention of a diving gear that makes it possible to reach a depth of 240 feet.

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